



**CLASS VIII**

**ENGLISH  
SUPPLEMENTARY  
READER-II**

*Published by*

**THE GOVERNMENT OF ANDHRA PRADESH**

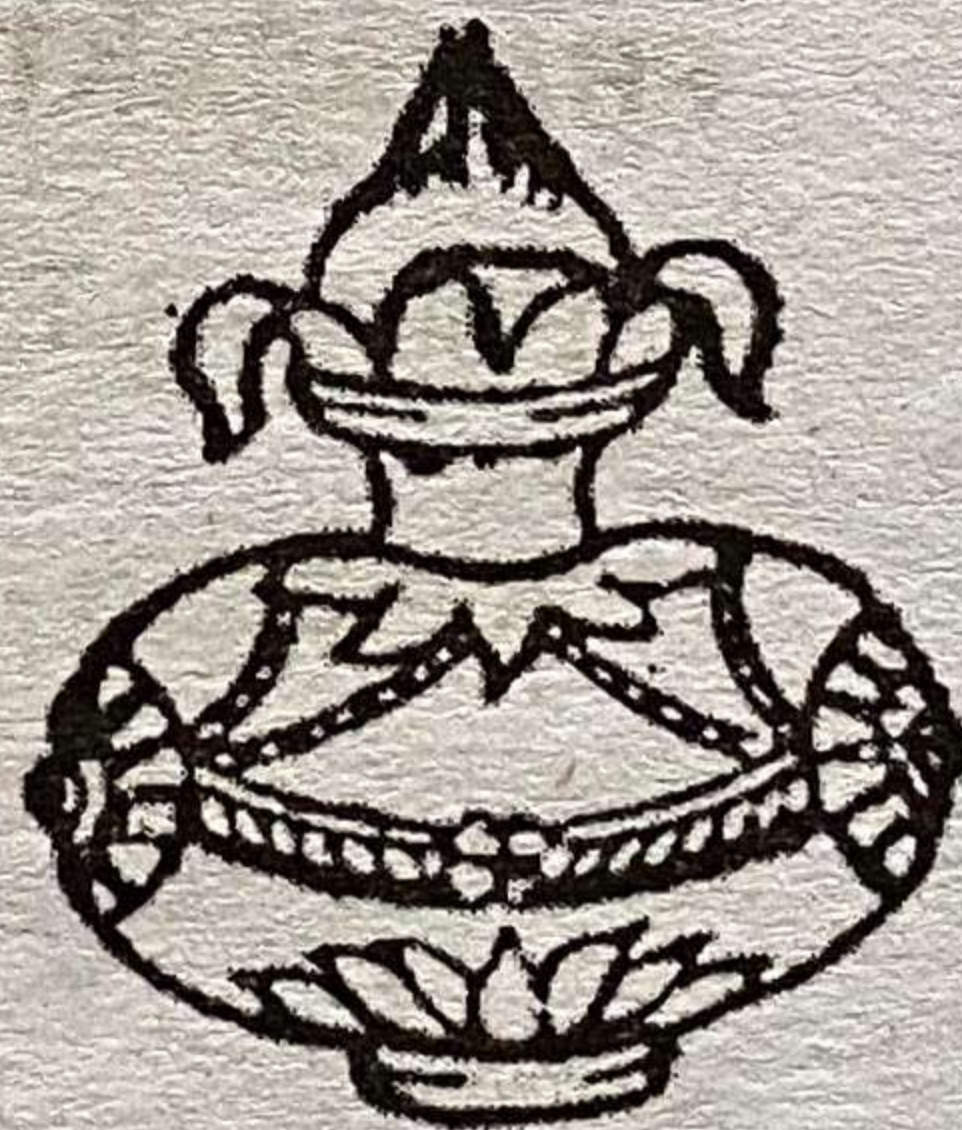


**English Supplementary Reader-II**  
**for**  
**Class VIII**  
**(English Medium)**

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**THE GOVERNMENT OF ANDHRA PRADESH**  
**HYDERABAD**

**Untouchability is a sin**  
**Untouchability is inhuman**

**Untouchability is a crime**  
**Untouchability is irrational**

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## PREFACE

This book is intended to be used as a Supplementary Reader for Class VIII in the second half of Class VIII course. It is a collection of stories which have been selected from various points of view. They are expected to be interesting and instructive. They will appeal to the young reader's love of adventure, good behaviour, loyalty and service to the poor. They will entertain and also teach the young learners to extend sympathy to those who suffer.

In writing the stories, which are simplified from well known originals, the structures and vocabulary laid down for earlier classes are used. A few later items - both vocabulary and structure - are used in view of the requirements of the story but the context makes the meaning clear.

Each chapter is provided with a Glossary and a number of Comprehension Questions which include a few interpretation questions. It is expected that the teacher would go through these with the class.

It is hoped that this collection of stories will appeal to the young readers.

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## OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

Jana gana mana adhinayaka jaya he  
Bharatha Bhagya-vidhata,  
Punjab Sindhu Gujarata Maratha  
Dravida Utkala Banga,  
Vindhya Himachala Jamuna Ganga  
Uchchala jaladhi taranga,  
Tava shubha name jage  
Tava shubha asisha mange  
Gae tava jaya gatha.  
Jana gana mangala-dayaka Jaya he,  
Bharatha bhagya-vidhata,  
Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he,  
Jaya jaya jaya jaya he.

— O —

## PLEDGE

“India is my country, all Indians are my brothers and sisters.

I love my country and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage. I shall always strive to be worthy of it.

I shall give my parents, teachers and all elders respect, and treat every one with courtesy.

To my country and my people, I pledge my devotion.

In their well-being and prosperity alone lies my happiness.”

— O —

## 1. THE BLUE CARBUNCLE

— *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*

I called on my friend Sherlock Holmes the day after Christmas to greet him on the occasion. It was a cold morning and there was a crackling fire to warm the room. He was sitting on a sofa. He had a purple dressing gown on, with a pipe rack on his right and a sheaf of crumpled newspapers of the day. There was a wooden chair beside the counter and an old wornout and tattered hat hung at the back of the chair. The lens and forceps lying on the chair suggested that my friend was studying the hat closely for some possible clues.

Holmes welcomed me and pointed to the hat and explained “There hangs a tale by the ugly hat over there, which I can share with you gladly.” I said, “It may unravel a mystery, nay even a crime.” “Nothing so serious” said my friend, “but an interesting episode as is common in a vast city with its teeming millions of people crowding about their pursuits.” He continued with the story of the hat.

“Peterson, the Police Commissioner, found this old hat and a fat goose as he was returning home on Christmas morning and he brought them here. The goose is being cooked in his house and the hat is here with me telling its own tale. As he turned the corner of Goodge street, Peterson found a tall gentleman with a goose in one hand and defending himself with his stick against a group of tough people who evidently attacked him. In the process he broke the window pane of the shop and seeing Peterson in uniform, ran away in fright dropping his hat and the goose. The attacking people also fled. Peterson could not restore the lost property to the owner because the only evidence of ownership of the property was a small card tied to the leg of the goose, with the letters, “For Mrs. Henry Baker”



on it and the letters H. B. on the hat. London is too big a place to locate Bakers of whom there may be several hundreds. So Peterson is going to eat the goose while I am going to find out the secret of this tattered hat."

"How much information has this hat yielded so far?" I questioned Holmes.

"Quite a lot" he said beaming with a smile. "Can you guess anything about the owner?"

I examined it closely but was unable to say much. It was a very ordinary black hat, round and hard and showed symptoms of excessive wear and tear. The silk lining had faded and the discoloured patches on top had been smeared with ink. There were holes on the brim but the elastic was missing.

Holmes started off with his illuminating inferences, some probable and some possible, about the owner of the hat by pointing to it in several places. He was an intellectual as seen from its big size, which indicated a big brain. That he was a prosperous man who had fallen on evil days recently was clear from the bands of ribboned silk and excellent lining now faded and the fact that he could not buy a new hat. The little disc and loop of the hat showed that he wanted to protect himself against the wind. This indicated the owner's foresight. But he had not cared to replace the broken elastic. This showed that he had evidently become weak-willed. That he is a man with self respect, however, was evident from his attempts to hide the stains with ink.

I was amazed at the conclusions drawn by Holmes and asked him to continue. The lower part of the lining, on close examination through the lens, revealed that the owner was middle aged. His hair was grizzled and was recently cut and he used limecream. A large number of hair ends pointed to a recent hair cut, the odour of limecream was unmistakable. The fluffy dust particles

on the hat showed that the owner was not using it most of the time. The moisture on the hat showed that the owner was not keeping fit and that he perspired very much. The grease stains pointed unmistakably to the use of candles. This means he had no gas in his house. It also showed that his wife who ought to have dusted it for her husband, did not show any concern and love for him. But the husband was more devoted to his wife as seen from the gift of a fatted goose which he was carrying home.

I congratulated Holmes warmly for his ingenious conclusions about the owner of the hat. I hinted that it was all, perhaps, a waste of his precious energy. The reason was that no crime had been committed and no harm was done to anybody. All that we know was that a goose was lost.

Just then Peterson rushed into the room, exited and bewildered. He stretched out his hand and displayed in his palm a most dazzling and scintillating blue diamond. He said it was found in the crop of the goose.

"It is a real treasure trove!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes. "And the precious stone itself tells another tale. This was the same blue carbuncle which the Countess of Morcar had lost at the hotel Cosmopolitan just a few days ago. A reward of a thousand pounds was offered to the finder of the gem which would cost more than twenty thousand pounds. The Countess valued it so much that she might give a more handsome reward. Good Luck, Peterson," Holmes concluded.

He then read out a newspaper report on how the blue stone was stolen. John Horner, a plumber was accused of having stolen the diamond from the jewel case of the Countess of Morcar on 22nd December. James Ryder, hotel attendant deposed that he had asked Horner to solder the loose bar of the room in which the Countess was staying. It was alleged that Horner took away the blue



diamond and disappeared. Catherine Cusak, maid to the Countess, deposed that Ryder was dismayed on discovering the robbery. Inspector Bradstreet, who arrested Horner said that the plumber had protested his innocence in the matter and even fainted as he spoke. The magistrate committed the case to the Assizes.

Holmes told me that the police case did not bring out the truth about the theft at all and that the secret lay in the goose that contained the precious stone in its crop.

The first step in arriving at the truth behind the robbery was to give an advertisement in the evening newspapers that a black felt hat and a goose were found at the corner of Goodge Street and that Mr. Henry Baker the owner could claim them personally at 6-30 that evening at 221 B Baker Street. Holmes kept the stone with him and asked Peterson to give the advertisement to all important newspapers and on his way back, to buy a goose to be handed over to Mr. Baker.

Holmes then explained to me how the blue carbuncle was the cause of many a tragedy—two murders, one acid throwing case, a suicide and several robberies—and how precious stones were the devil's baits to draw people to crime. Generally, a carbuncle was red but this one was blue. We parted for the day wondering whether Horner was innocent, or Henry Baker had any idea of the value of the goose he was carrying that day. Holmes asked me to have dinner with him at seven in the evening.

I arrived at Holmes's place in the evening and I found Henry Baker waiting at the door to go in. He went inside. Pointing to the hat, Holmes asked Baker whether that was his hat. Baker thankfully said that it was. As I looked at Baker closely, at his intelligent face, his rusty black frock-coat with its turned up collar, his thin wrists protruding from his coat without a sign of cuff or shirt, I felt that all surmises made earlier by Holmes about this man were very true. I was sorry to see an intelligent

man on whom fortune no longer smiled. He confessed to Holmes that he did not have money even to give an advertisement in the press about his lost property. Though he was sorry to hear that his goose had been eaten, he was happy to see another fat goose on the sideboard, which Holmes gladly handed over to him. To a query from Holmes, Baker said that he had bought the goose from one Mr. Windigate of the Alpha Inn near the Museum. It was thus clear that Baker did not have any knowledge of the blue carbuncle.

Holmes suggested to me, "Shall we turn our dinner into a supper and follow up this clue while it is still hot?" It was a cold and clear night as we passed Doctors' quarters, Wimpole Street, Harley Street and into Oxford Street and finally reached the Alpha Inn. We entered the Inn and Holmes ordered two glasses of beer. The red faced, white aproned owner of the Inn brought the beer himself. Holmes said to him. "Your beer should be excellent if it is as good as your geese." "My geese" the man said in surprise.

"Yes. Mr. Henry Baker who is a member of your Goose club was telling me about the excellent geese you offer here."

"Oh, they are not ours. I got two dozen from Mr. Breckinridge, a salesman in Covent Garden," the landlord said with a smile. We drunk to his health and straightaway made for Covent Garden. As we walked fast in the frosty weather, Holmes said, "Soon, we should be able to trace the rogue who stole the blue carbuncle of the Countess. The police could not do it." We reached Covent Garden Market, after marching quickly through Holborn, Endell Street and a few slums. There we saw the stall of Breckinridge. The proprietor who had a sharp face and trim whiskers was closing his shop for the day. To a question from my friend, the stall keeper said that he had exhausted his stock for the day but would be able to sell 500 geese the next morning.



"The landlord of the Alpha Inn asked us to see you," said Holmes. "It seems you sent him two dozen of the finest geese this morning. Where did you get them?" The stall keeper burst into a temper and said "Why are people pestering me from this morning with enquiries about those birds? I will have none of you. Be off."

Holmes kept cool and said, "I don't know about any others who have been troubling you with queries. I have laid a bet with a friend saying that the geese which were sold by you to Alpha today were countrybred. I also ate one of them." The stall keeper calmed down and asserted that it was a townbred. He demanded a sovereign as a bet if he was right. Then he showed us all the bill books and pointed to the name of the person from whom he had bought two dozen poultry - Mrs. Oakshot, 177, Brixton Road 249 - at 7S6 d. Holmes pretended to be dejected and crest-fallen and threw down the sovereign in disgust. We quickly walked back and as we turned the corner, Holmes burst into a noiseless laughter so characteristic of him. He said triumphantly that the mystery of the theft was almost solved. As we were discussing the next step, we heard loud shouts from the direction of Mr. Breckinridge's shop. The salesman was gesticulating and shouting at a rat faced man who was evidently pestering him with questions about where he had bought the morning's batch of geese saying that Mrs. Oakshot had directed him there. Mr. Breckinridge drove him out of his shop.

My friend Holmes felt elated at getting the final clue to the mystery and chased the rat faced man among the crowd. We overtook the man and Holmes placed his hand upon his shoulder. The young man turned in fright and asked Holmes, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"I overheard all that happened a moment ago at Breckinridge's stall and I thought I may be of some help to you," said Holmes, and continued, "you would like to know about some geese which were sold by

Mrs. Oakshot of Brixton to a salesman named Breckinridge. He in turn sold them to Mr. Windigate of the Alpha and he passed it on to his club of which Mr. Henry Baker is a member."

"Oh, Sir! You are the very man whom I have longed to meet," cried the little fellow with out-stretched hands and shaking fingers. "I am terribly interested in this matter."

"What is your name?" Holmes asked the young man. He hesitatingly answered, "John Robinson!" Holmes was quick to realize that he was uttering a falsehood.

"No, no, your real name please?" he quipped. "I feel unsure with an alias or a false name."

"My real name is James Ryder" replied the stranger with flushed cheeks.

"Yes, you are head attendant at Hotel Cosmopolitan" my friend added, "I shall soon tell you everything you wish to know, please. Get into the cab."

The little man stepped into the cab looking at us with half-hopeful, half-frightened eyes doubting whether he is going to reap a fortune or face a catastrophe. He sat clasping his fingers in a terrible nervous tension.

We reached Holmes's place and settled comfortably by the fireside. "Now, Mr. Ryder, you would like to know what happened to that particular goose, white with a black bar across the tail?" Holmes continued, "it laid an egg after it was dead, the brightest little blue egg that was ever seen. This is it." And he drew out the blue carbuncle from his box. Ryder's eyes glared. "Should I ask for it as my own or disown it altogether?" he mused. "The game is up, Ryder" said Holmes quickly. Ryder staggered and nearly fell down. I gave him a little brandy and he sat staring at his accuser with frightened eyes.



"I am sure Ryder, you know this blue stone of the Countess of Morcar's," Holmes asked him, "Catherine Cusack her waiting maid told me about it. Both of you were tempted by sudden wealth so easily acquired. You villainously implicated the poor plumber, Horner on the pretext of giving him some repair work in the Countess room and when he had left the room, you pocketed the jewel, raised an alarm and had the unfortunate man arrested".



Ryder threw himself at Holmes's feet and catching his knees exclaimed, "For God's sake, have mercy upon me; my parents would die of grief. I swear never to do any wrong again. Please don't drag me to the courts."

"You never thought of poor Horner earlier when you falsely accused him," Holmes said sternly.

"I will flee the country, then the charge against Horner will break down," cried Ryder.

### Glossary

unravel	:	solve, make clear
illuminating	:	enlightening
grizzled	:	grey (haired)
fluffy	:	covered with fine, soft (material: fur, hair, wool)
ingenious	:	clever and skilful
scintillating	:	sparkling, gleaming
treasure trove	:	ownerless property found hidden (in the shape of gold and silver generally)
carbuncle	:	a precious stone usually red
deposed	:	gave evidence
solder	:	join or mend with solder, a metal which melts easily
protruding	:	sticking out, projecting
surmise	:	guess
crestfallen	:	dejected, discouraged, disappointed
catastrophe	:	a sudden event which causes great suffering

### A. Comprehension

Answer the following questions in two or three sentences :

1. Why could Peterson not restore the goose to its owner ?
2. How did Holmes conclude that the hat-owner was an intelligent man ?
3. Who was the rightful owner of the diamond ?
4. Where did Baker get the first goose from ?
5. Where did Windigate get the geese from ?
6. Who supplied geese to Breckinridge ?

### B. Composition

Answer in a paragraph of six or seven sentences :

1. Holmes's inferences about the owner of the hat.
2. Give an account of the robbery of the diamond.
3. Why did Holmes let Ryder go ?
4. Narrate briefly what happened to the blue carbuncle from beginning to end.



## 2. THE GUARDIAN OF THE ACCOLADE

— O. Henry

Uncle Bushrod was one of the important members of the Weymouth Bank. He had served the house of Weymouth for sixty years not only as a servant but also as a member of the family. Uncle Bushrod was dark like the bank furniture, his soul was white as the pages of the ledgers. Uncle Bushrod would have been happy with the comparison, for he felt that the only institution in existence worth considering was the Weymouth Bank.

Weymouthville was a sleepy village among the foothills of a Southern valley. There were three banks in Weymouthville. Two were hopeless, misguided enterprises. The third was the bank managed by the Weymouths and Uncle Bushrod. The first to your right as you crossed the creek, coming into town was the Weymouth homestead, a red brick white porticoed mansion. In it lived Mr. Robert Weymouth (the president of the bank), his widowed daughter, Mrs. Vesey called 'Miss Letty' by every one and her two children, Nan and Guy. There, also in a cottage on the grounds resided Uncle Bushrod and Aunt Malindy, his wife. Mr. William Weymouth (the cashier of the bank) lived in a modern, fine house on the principal avenue.

Mr. Robert was a large, stout man, sixty-two years of age, with a smooth plump face, long iron-grey hair and fiery blue eyes. He was high-tempered with a stern voice but was in fact kind and generous at heart. Mr. William was a milder man, correct in manner and always absorbed in business. The Weymouths were the chief of Family of Weymouthville and people looked up to them with respect.

Uncle Bushrod was the bank's trusted, messenger and guardian. He carried a key to the vault, just as Mr. Robert and Mr. William did. Sometimes there was ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand dollars in sacked silver stacked on the vault floor. It was safe with Uncle Bushrod. He was a Weymouth in heart, honesty and pride.

For sometime past Uncle Bushrod had been worried. It was on account of Robert Weymouth. For nearly a year Mr. Robert had been drinking too much. Not enough, of course to become drunk but the habit was getting hold upon him, and every one was beginning to notice it. As a result, Mr. Robert's usual keen judgement and business capacity had become a little impaired. Mr. William Weymouth tried to advise Mr. Robert against drinking but in vain. The deposits in the Weymouth Bank dropped from six figures to five and loans began to accumulate, owing to careless lending. People said that Mr. Robert's drinking was due to the death of his wife two years ago. Miss Letty and the children noticed the change and were sad about it. Uncle Bushrod also worried but he did not dare to speak, although he and Mr. Robert had grown up as companions. But there was a heavier shock coming to Uncle Bushrod than the bank president's drinking.

One day Mr. Robert who was fond of fishing, announced that he was going on a fishing trip to the lake with his old friend Judge Archinard.

That night Uncle Bushrod woke up suddenly at midnight. He remembered that he had asked Sister Hoskins to collect an important pass book at the Weymouth House at 7 O'clock the next morning. He had forgotten to fetch the pass book from the bank the previous evening. He would now have to go to the bank to get the pass book. Uncle Bushrod never failed to keep a promise to the customers of the bank.

Passing through the deserted streets of Weymouthville, Uncle Bushrod reached the Bank and



found the pass book where he had left it. He was about to lock the side door and start for home when he suddenly stopped. There was a sound of a key in the front door and some one came quickly in. Uncle Bushrod turned to stone; the intruder was none other than Robert Weymouth the President of the Bank.

The President tiptoed silently to the vault, opened the door and came out in a minute holding a large bag. Uncle Bushrod shivered to think what the bag contained. Without doubt, the bag contained 18000 dollars in silver, the entire money in the bank.

Robert Weymouth took the bag and moved silently out of the bank by the way he had come, locking the front door behind him. For a minute or longer Uncle Bushrod was as stone in his tracks. He realised that the Weymouth name and the Weymouth honour were about to be lost. Marse Robert robbing the bank! What else could it mean?

Several thoughts flashed through Uncle Bushrod's mind. Mr. Robert's excessive drinking, the decrease in the bank's business and the difficulty in collecting loans. What else could it mean? Mr. Robert Weymouth was now absconding — he was about to fly with the bank's remaining funds, leaving Miss Letty, little Nan, Guy and Uncle Bushrod to bear the disgrace.

During one minute Uncle Bushrod considered these things, and then he awoke to sudden determination and action. Only he could save the Weymouth name from disgrace now.

"I'm going to stop you, Master Robert," he thought "you can shoot this Nigger's head off for fooling with you, but I'm going to stop you."

Uncle Bushrod, aided by his hickory stick, impeded by his rheumatism, hurried down the street toward the railroad station, where the two lines touching

Weymouthville met. As he had expected and feared, there was Mr. Robert, standing in the shadow of the building waiting for the train. He held the satchel in his hand.

When Uncle Bushrod came within twenty yards of the bank president, standing like a huge, grey ghost by the station wall, a sudden fear seized him. The rashness of the thing he had come to do struck him fully, as he thought of the famous Weymouth wrath. But again he saw, in his fancy, the white, reproachful face of Nan and Guy should he fail in his duty.

Braced by the thought, he approached in a straight line, clearing his throat and pounding with his stick so that he might be easily recognized. Thus he might avoid the likely danger of too suddenly surprising Mr. Robert.

"Is that you, Bushrod?" called the clamant, clear voice of the grey ghost.

"Yes, suh, Masta Robert."

"What the devil are you doing out at this time of night?"

For the first time in his life, Uncle Bushrod told Mr. Robert a lie. His nerve was not equal to a direct attack. "I've been down, suh, to see ol' Aunt Maria Peterson. She got sick in the night and I carried her some medicine. Yes, suh."

"Humph" said Robert, "You better get home out of the night air. It's damp. You'll hardly be worth killing tomorrow on account of your rheumatism. Think it'll be a clear day, Bushrod?"

"I reckon it will, suh. De sun sort of red last night."

Mr. Robert lit a cigar in the shadow, and the smoker looked like his grey ghost expanding and escaping into the night air. Somehow, Uncle Bushrod could barely force himself to speak. But far off—three miles away, at the



Jimtown switch—he heard the faint whistle of the coming train, the one that was to transport the Weymouth name into the regions of dishonour and shame. All fear left him. He took off his hat and faced the lofty, terrible Weymouth.

“Master Robert,” he began, his voice quivering, “D’you remember the day they all rode the tournament at oak lawn? The day, suh, that you won in the riding and crowned Miss Lucy the queen?”

“Tournament?” said Mr. Robert, taking his cigar from his mouth. “Yes, I remember very well the — but what the deuce are you talking about tournaments here at midnight for? Go ‘long home, Bushrod. I believe you’re sleep walking.”

“Miss Lucy touched you on the shoulder with a sword,” continued the old man, never heeding and said: ‘I make you a knight, suh Robert - rose up, pure and fearless and without reproach’. That was a long time ago, but neither you nor I have forgotten it. Then there was the time when Miss Lucy lay on her last bed. She sent for Uncle Bushrod and she said ‘Uncle Bushrod, when I die, I want you to take good care of Mr. Robert. He is like a child sometimes, but he has always been my knight, pure, fearless and without reproach.’

Mr. Robert began to mask his soft heartedness, as was his habit, with a spurious anger.

“You—you old windbag” he growled through a cloud of swirling cigar smoke. “I believe you are crazy. I told you to go home, Bushrod. Miss Lucy said that, did she? Two years ago last week, wasn’t it, Bushrod, when she died? Confound it. Are you going to stand there all night gabbing like a coffee-coloured gander?”

The train whistled again. Now it was at the water tank, a mile away.

“Master Robert,” said Uncle Bushrod, laying his hand on the satchel that the banker held, “for God’s sake, don’t take this with you. I know what’s in it. I know where you got it in the bank. Don’t take it with you.” There’s big trouble in dat valise for Miss Lucy and Miss Lucy’s child’s children. It will destroy the name of Weymouth and bow down them that own it with shame and tribulation. Master Robert, you can kill this old nigger if you will, but don’t take away this here valise. If I ever go to heaven what am I going to say to Miss Lucy when she asks me: ‘Uncle Bushrod, what for didn’t you take good care of Mr. Robert?’

Mr. Robert Weymouth threw away his cigar and shook free one arm with that peculiar gesture that always preceded his outbursts of anger. Uncle Bushrod bowed his head to the expected storm, but he did not flinch. The banker spoke, and Uncle Bushrod blinked with surprise. The storm was there, but it was suppressed.

“Bushrod,” said Mr. Robert, in a low voice, “you have overstepped all bounds. You have presumed upon the leniency with which you have been treated to meddle unpardonably. So you know what is in this satchel. Your long and faithful service is some excuse, but go home, Bushrod—not another word.”

But Bushrod grasped the satchel with a firmer hand. The headlights of the train were now lightening the shadows about the station. The roar was increasing and folks were stirring about at the track side.

“Master Robert, Gimme this valise. I got a right, suh, to talk to you this here way. I slaved for you and tended to you from a child up. I went through the war as your body servant. I was at your wedding and I wasn’t far away when your Miss Letty was born. And Miss Letty’s children — they watch today for Uncle Bushrod when he come home every evening. I have been a Weymouth, all except in colour and entitlements. Both of us are old, Master Robert. Before long we’re going to see Miss Lucy and give an account of our doings. A nigger like me can only say he has done all he could for the family that owned him.



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But a Weymouth, he must say he has been pure and fearless and without reproach. Gimme this valise, Master Robert — I'm going to have it. I'm going to take it back to the Bank and lock it up in the vault. I'm going to do Miss Lucy's bidding. Turn her loose, Master Robert."

The train was standing at the station. Some men were pushing trucks along the side. Then a bell rang and the conductor shouted, "All aboard."



Mr. Robert released his hold on the satchel. Uncle Bushrod hugged it to his breast with both arms, as a lover clasps his first beloved.

"Take it back with you, Bushrod," said Mr. Robert, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "And let the subject drop. You've said quite enough. I'm going to take this train. Tell Mr. William I will be back on Saturday. Good night."

The banker climbed the steps of the moving train and disappeared in a coach. Uncle Bushrod stood motionless still

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embracing the precious satchel. His eyes were closed and his lips were moving in thanks to the Master above for the salvation of the Weymouth honour.

Then, awake to the necessity for further action, the old man started for the bank with the redeemed satchel.

Three hours from Weymouthville, in the grey dawn Mr. Robert alighted from the train at a lonely flag station. Dimly, he could see the figure of a man waiting on the platform, and the shape of a horse-waggon. Half a dozen lengthy fishing-poles projected from the waggon's rear.

"You're here, Bob" said Judge Archinard, Mr. Robert's old friend and schoolmate. "It's going to be a royal day for fishing. Did you bring along the stuff?"

The President of the Weymouth Bank took off his hat.

"Well, Ben, to tell you the truth, there's an old nigger belonging in my family that broke up the arrangement. He came down to the depot and spoilt the whole plan. He means all right, and well, I reckon he is right. Somehow, he had found out what I had along—though I hid it in the bank vault and sneaked it out at midnight. He laid for me with some reaching arguments."

"I'm going to quit drinking," Mr. Robert concluded "I've come to the conclusion that a man can't drink too much and still be 'pure and fearless and without reproach' that's the way old Bushrod quoted it."

"Well, I'll have to admit", said the judge, thoughtfully, as they climbed into the waggon, "that the old darky's argument can't be overruled."

"Still," said Mr. Robert, with a ghost of a sigh, "there was two quarts of the finest old silkvelvet Bourbon whisky in that satchel you ever wet your lips with."



## Glossary

creek	:	a narrow inlet of water a small river (in USA)
vault	:	a strong room in a bank
impaired	:	weakened
abscond	:	go away suddenly and secretly especially to escape punishment for doing wrong
hickory	:	(made) of tough hard wood
satchel	:	a small leather bag
clamant	:	calling aloud
reproach	:	something which brings shame or discredit
spurious	:	false, not genuine
gabbling	:	chattering
tribulation	:	trouble, grief
redeemed	:	got back
valise	:	a small leather bag
flinch	:	move away in pain or fear

## A. Comprehension

Answer the following questions in two or three sentences :

1. How were the Weymouths treated in the village ?
2. What change did people notice in Robert Weymouth's behaviour ?
3. How did the change affect the business of the Bank ?
4. Why did Uncle Bushrod wake up at midnight suddenly ?
5. How did Robert Weymouth take away the money from the vault ?
6. What were the thoughts of Uncle Bushrod when he saw Robert stealing the money ?
7. What had Lucy told Bushrod on her death bed ?
8. What made Robert finally return the bag to Bushrod ?
9. What did Robert tell Judge Archinard ? Did the Judge appreciate Bushrod's arguments ?

## B. Composition

Answer in a paragraph of six or seven sentences :

1. Write about Uncle Bushrod's loyalty to the bank ?
2. How did Bushrod plead with Robert Weymouth to return the bag ?
3. Imagine you are Bushrod and narrate the happenings at midnight that night.

— o —

## 3. AS YOU LIKE IT

— William Shakespeare

(Simplified from *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*)

Once upon a time there was a cruel duke called Frederick ruling one of the provinces of France. He deposed his elder brother, the lawful duke and usurped his dukedom. The older duke was banished from the country.

The deposed duke took shelter in the forest of Arden along with a few faithful followers of his, who gladly gave up their homes and possessions and joined the duke. They preferred the care-free life of the forest to the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. The duke and his friends lived like old Robin Hood of England. In summer they sat in the cool shade of the huge trees watching the playful deer. In winter, the duke comforted his followers saying, "These biting winds are not so cruel and ungrateful as human beings; we can still see some good things in our adversity." He drew such valuable lessons from whatever they saw and experienced in the forest; he found "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

The banished duke had an only daughter called Rosalind, who was however retained in her uncle's court as a companion for his own daughter, Celia. Rosalind and Celia became good friends; Celia always tried to comfort Rosalind and, in a way, made amends for the harsh treatment meted out by her father to Rosalind's father.

One day the two girls happened to witness a wrestling match, in which a young and inexperienced wrestler was pitted against a powerful and experienced wrestler. Duke Frederick asked the girls to dissuade the young wrestler from the unequal combat. The girls were only too glad to be of some service to the beautiful young man. So they pleaded with him in very affectionate words not to take part in the wrestling match and risk his life. The young man who liked the young ladies, only grew



stronger in his resolve to please them by proving his strength in the match. "If I am defeated, there is no one in this world to feel sorry for me, so don't worry," he begged the ladies.

The match began. Rosalind who was sad to learn that the young man was friendless like her fell in love with him instantly and prayed for his success. The kindness shown by the fair ladies gave added strength to the young man, who finally defeated his adversary.

Everyone including the duke admired his courage and skill. The duke asked for his parentage. The young man said his name was Orlando and that he was the son of Sir Rowland de Boys. This information made Frederick unhappy, for Orlando was the son of a man who was a friend of Frederick's banished brother. Rosalind liked Orlando more because he was the son of her father's friend. She took out a chain from her neck and offered it to Orlando as a present. "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am not fortunate now, otherwise I would have given you a more valuable present for your valour." Celia pleasantly remarked how Rosalind could fall in love with Orlando, so soon after meeting him.

When Celia and Rosalind were praising Orlando, Duke Frederick entered the room and in an angry tone asked Rosalind to leave the palace immediately. Celia requested her father to allow the gentle Rosalind to stay in her company but it was of no use. Frederick was firm in his resolve; he was equally green with jealousy at Rosalind's good behaviour. He told his daughter, "She is too subtle for you; the people love her and like her. When she is gone, you will seem more bright and virtuous. Let Rosalind leave us at once."

Celia failed to convince her father. Both the girls wanted to find out where Rosalind's father was. So they went to the forest of Arden. As it was not safe for young ladies to travel alone in costly dresses, Celia proposed that they should dress themselves like countrymaids. Rosalind said that one of them could be dressed

like a man. As Rosalind was the taller, she put on a man's dress and Celia followed her as her sister. They named themselves Ganymede and Aliena.

They walked many miles through the forest and became weary and tired. Many a time Ganymede felt like crying like a woman over their tiresome journey; yet she put on a brave face, in order to cheer up "his" gentle sister Aliena. Though they reached the forest of Arden, they did not know where to find the duke. They were very tired. Actually they were about to fall down, when they saw a man pass that way. They asked him for food and shelter. He was an attendant to a shepherd, who was selling away his cottage and the sheep. Ganymede and Aliena followed the man to the shepherd's cottage. They gladly bought the place including the sheep, and retained the attendant.

Ganymede and Aliena liked their life in the cottage and continued to behave like a shepherd and a shepherdess. Ganymede remembered Orlando and longed to meet him somewhere in the forest. And luckily, she did meet him one day.

Orlando's story was similar to that of the banished duke in the forest. His father had entrusted the young Orlando to the care of his elder son Oliver. Unfortunately Oliver grew jealous of his younger brother's good behaviour and popularity and decided to put an end to him. So he had arranged a wrestling match between his brother and a famous wrestler so that Orlando would die in the fight. His evil plan did not work and Orlando killed the wrestler. Then Oliver vowed to set fire to the hut in which Orlando lived. This news leaked out to his faithful servant, Adam. Adam immediately warned Orlando of the danger to his life and asked him to run away for safety. He also offered some money which he had saved during his service to the banished duke. "Take these five hundred crowns, which I had put by for my old age. I will continue to serve you though I am very old" — Orlando was touched with the sacrifice of Adam and exclaimed, "How well does the constant service of the old world shine in you? You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together and I will soon find some means of livelihood."



Orlando and Adam travelled on ; they came to the forest of Arden. They walked a long distance till they were almost exhausted with hunger. Adam cried out, "O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no further," and bade farewell to his young master. Orlando cheered him up and went about alone in search of food. He happened to arrive at the place where the banished duke and his followers were about to have their dinner. Orlando who was desperate for food shouted, "Forbear and eat no more. I must have your food." The duke asked him very gently to sit down and eat. Orlando felt ashamed for his rude behaviour and apologised to the duke. He told them about Adam his faithful servant who was dying of hunger under, a nearby tree. At the duke's desire, Orlando ran like a doe in search of its fawn and brought Adam in his arms. Both of them had a hearty meal and Adam regained his spirit. The duke then learnt that Orlando was the son of his old friend Sir Rowland de Boys and took him and Adam under his care.

Ganymede and Aliena who strolled along the forest pathways, were surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love poems addressed to her, attached to them. One day they met Orlando. Rosalind recognised him instantly and the chain around his neck was the one which she herself had given him. Orlando was pleased with the sweet manners of Ganymede, in whom he saw a likeness to the lady Rosalind. But Ganymede put on the airs of a young man and said to Orlando, "There is a certain lover haunting the forest who carves the name of Rosalind on every tree and hangs love poems on to them, all in praise of Rosalind. If I should meet him, I would teach him a lesson which would cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of Rosalind, and asked Ganymede to cure him, of his love. Ganymede suggested that Orlando should visit their cottage every day and make love to him (Ganymede) as if he were Rosalind and he in turn would imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers. She said that Orlando would be ashamed after sometime and give up his ways.

Though Orlando had no faith in such a remedy for his love sickness, he readily agreed to visit the cottage and make love to Ganymede. This he did very faithfully everyday and both were happy in the mock courtship ; he used up all the vocabulary of love-making fancying Ganymede was his Rosalind and she (Ganymede) secretly enjoyed herself that the love speeches were addressed to the right person. Aliena was amused at the mock love-making between Orlando and Ganymede ; she forgot to mention to Rosalind that they came to the forest mainly to search for her father. They knew he was in the same forest. However, Ganymede met the duke one day and talked to him. Asked about his parentage, Ganymede replied that he came of as good a family as he (the duke) belonged to. This made the duke smile. He did not suspect that the shepherd boy came of royal lineage. Ganymede postponed further explanation for some more days.

One day as Orlando was going towards Ganymede's cottage, he saw a man lying on the ground and a big snake coiled around his neck. On seeing Orlando, the snake crept away into the bushes. Going nearer the sleeping man, Orlando saw a lioness crouching nearby waiting to attack him the moment he woke up. The sleeping man was in danger from the snake and the lioness when providentially Orlando happened to pass that way. Looking closer at the man, Orlando saw that it was none other than his own cruel brother Oliver who had vowed to burn him alive. Orlando could have left his brother to his fate but he was too good a man to do that. Overcome by brotherly affection he attacked the lioness with his sword and killed her, though in the process he was wounded. Oliver woke up and saw how his brother had saved him from the wild animal. He felt very sorry for his own cruel behaviour towards his brother and begged his pardon with tears in his eyes. Orlando forgave his brother who had come to the forest with an evil intention.

Orlando asked his brother to go and tell Ganymede how he was hurt in his encounter with the lion.



Oliver reached the cottage and narrated all that had happened. He also referred to his own earlier cruel treatment of his brother. He said he was grateful that Orlando saved him from the jaws of death. The reconciliation of the brothers made him very happy. Aliena was so touched by Oliver's sincere experience of repentance that she instantly fell in love with him and Oliver too fell in love with Aliena equally suddenly.

Ganymede heard how Orlando was hurt in the accident and suddenly fainted. When he recovered he said that he only pretended to swoon and asked Oliver to tell Orlando how well he reacted to the news of Orlando's misfortune.

Oliver returned to Orlando and told him all that had happened, how Ganymede had fainted on hearing about his accident and how both he (Oliver) and Aliena had fallen in love with each other. Oliver even wanted to give away his property at home to Orlando and live in the forest as a shepherd with the fair Aliena.

Orlando felt happy at his brother's good fortune and told him that he wanted to arrange his wedding with Aliena the next day itself and asked him to get her consent for the marriage. Oliver hastily went to Aliena. Meanwhile Ganymede came to Orlando and spoke of the instant love of Oliver and Aliena for one another. Orlando told Ganymede that he had advised his brother to get ready for the marriage the next day and that he himself would have loved to get married to his Rosalind. Ganymede liked the proposal. Ganymede said that his heart's desire could be fulfilled and that he would see that Rosalind appeared in person for the wedding. His (Rosalind's) uncle, who was a magician could manage this. He asked Orlando to be ready for the great event, dressed in wedding garments. The next day all arrangements for the marriage of Oliver and Aliena and that of Orlando were ready. The duke and his followers were present and everyone was eagerly awaiting the appearance of Rosalind, to marry Orlando. Ganymede got the duke's ready consent to give his daughter in marriage to Orlando, if she appeared.

Ganymede and Aliena went aside, cast off their shepherd's garments and got dressed beautifully as Rosalind and Celia. The duke and the gathering could not believe their eyes when Rosalind



and Celia appeared in their finest dress. Rosalind told her father the whole story of her banishment and her living in the forest as a shepherd boy with Aliena who was none other than Celia.

The marriages were performed with great joy. Just then news came that the dukedom was restored to the lawful



duke. The usurper had started for the forest of Arden at the head of a great army. Their intention was to destroy his brother and his followers. They were becoming more and more popular everyday and attracted a large number of well-wishers from the City. This the usurper did not like.

But by the providential intervention of an old religious man, at the outskirts of the forest the usurper was dissuaded from the evil plan to kill his brother. He behaved like a saint. He sent a messenger to this brother, the lawful duke, with the news that he had given up his dukedom. His brother may now take over as duke.

Everybody was happy at this unexpected events of luck. The duke rewarded his followers for their gratitude. Celia congratulated Rosalind. Their friendship was pure; they never had any jealousy. All of them lived happily ever after.

### Glossary

deposed	:	dethroned
usurped	:	took possession of wrongfully
banish	:	force a person to go away
dissuade	:	advise against
resolve (n)	:	determination
subtle	:	extremely clever, cunning
desperate	:	hopeless, reckless
stroll	:	a quiet unhurried walk
haunting	:	visiting a place habitually
lineage	:	parentage, descent
encounter	:	fight

### A. Comprehension

*Answer the following questions in two or three sentences :*

1. How did the banished duke comfort his followers ?
2. How did Celia and Rosalind plead with Orlando not to take part in the wrestling match ?
3. What did Rosalind say to Orlando while presenting a chain ?
4. Why did Frederick ask Rosalind to leave the palace ?
5. How did Rosalind and Celia make themselves comfortable in the forest ?
6. How did Orlando praise the loyalty of Adam ?
7. Why did Orlando rush at the duke for food ?
8. How did Ganymede propose to cure Orlando of his love ?
9. How did Orlando save his brother Oliver in the forest ?
10. What was the change in Frederick's behaviour ?

### B. Composition

*Write a paragraph of about 10 lines on the following :*

1. Celia's love for Rosalind.
2. The love-making of Ganymede and Orlando.
3. The life led by the banished duke in the forest.
4. Describe the marriage ceremony in the forest.
5. How the duke was restored to his kingdom.



## 4. TWO OLD MEN

— *Count Leo Tolstoy*

Once upon a time there were two old men in a village, in Israel. One of them was called Efim and the other Elijah. Efim was a rich peasant, 70 years old, sober and conscientious and strict in his habits. Elijah was a bald old man, neither rich nor poor but loved the good things of life. Beekeeping was his occupation. He was popular in the village.

For a long time Efim and Elijah had been planning to go to the holy city of Jerusalem but the former was always pleading one excuse or the other to put off the journey. Elijah who was more practical and cheerful told his friend, "Don't worry too much about household affairs. Everything will be all right in your absence. Let us start for the Holy City." Efim finally agreed.

They made preparations for the long journey. Efim took 190 roubles which he had saved. Elijah scraped together some money by selling some of his beehives and collecting a little money from his wife and his daughter-in-law. Efim gave detailed instructions to his eldest son about managing the house in his absence, while Elijah merely told his wife to be careful about the beehives.

Thus the two old men set out on their pilgrimage. Elijah smoked and sang and was in high spirits and kept on cheering his quiet companion, who preferred to brood about his household and never uttered a light word or cracked a joke. After about five weeks, the two pilgrims passed a district where people were very kind and hospitable and treated them warmly. Next they arrived in a bare and poverty-stricken land, where people were equally good but could not give the travellers any food because they were passing through a difficult period of famine and acute poverty. Efim and Elijah bought some bread in a village and quenched their thirst from a brook nearby and marched on the hot and dusty road. They approached another village.

Elijah was thirsty and wanted to have a drink. He asked his friend to continue his journey while he would go into a hut

nearby and beg a drink for himself. He walked into the yard of the hut, found a man all tattered and torn stretching on the ground. The door of the hut was unlocked, so he went in and saw an old woman, almost in rags, and a little boy beside her crying loudly for something. He saw another woman stretched on a shelf behind the stove, moaning and writhing in pain. To his (Elijah's) enquiring glances, there was no reply for sometime; finally the old woman said there was no one to get him a drink. Soon the old man staggered behind and told him that they were all sick and hungry because they had the worst famine around.

Elijah was moved by the pitiable sight and started to help them out of their wretchedness and hunger. He gave everyone a piece of bread from his own bag and brought them water from the well. Then he bought some grain, salt, meal and butter, cut some firewood, lighted a stove and cooked some soup and porridge and gave them a good meal. It was their first meal after several days.

The old couple then told their woeful tale, how the crops had failed and how they got into debts. There was no work anywhere and they were forced to eat grass and leaves. Everyone fell ill and was waiting for death to come. Elijah decided to stay for some more time and help the unfortunate family. He bought provisions and helped the lady cook the meal and the girl to fetch water. As days passed, everyone recovered from the shock of hunger and poverty and went about their work with joy.

Elijah remembered Efim and wanted to resume his journey. But the next day was a festival day and he wanted to spend the day with the peasant's family happily. He bought everything for a feast and ate with the old man and his wife and children. Somehow the family had to be assured of a sure means of livelihood. But the land which they had mortgaged could not be released and Elijah became sad on that account. He postponed his departure again. He was restless the whole day and night. Should he continue his journey and leave the family as helpless as he found them? He thought deeply. He dreamt that he started going away from this



house, but was prevented from doing so by the young boy and the young girl who clutched his feet.

Elijah woke up and decided to buy them a cow and a horse and to get their land released. "I must put these people straight again. What is the use of losing the human feeling within me and going on a pilgrimage to seek Christ elsewhere?" he said to himself.

He then went to the rich peasant and redeemed the dry crop and the hay. He bought a sickle and set a man to mow the hay. He bought a horse and cart. The people of the village were all praise for him, because he saved the family from misery and starvation.

Elijah finally decided to overtake Efim on the way to Jerusalem. He had only seventeen roubles and twenty copecks left in his pocket. He felt he could not complete the rest of the journey including the voyage with the little money he had. He then said to himself, "Friend Efim must finish the journey alone and offer candles for me. Yes, my vow must remain unfulfilled now until I die; but thanks be to God; the Master is merciful to the long suffering family."

So he rose, slung his bag across his shoulders and went back. He avoided the village where he had spent a few days with the family and hastened back home merrily singing his way. His wife and children and his neighbours put a lot of questions for his hasty return. They also asked where his friend was. He said he was glad to be back home and find his family safe and sound. He told Efim's family that he was quite well when they parted three days before the Feast of St. Peter and that he could not go with him as he did not have enough money.

Everybody soon forgot all about Elijah's unsuccessful journey. Elijah resumed his household work, helping his wife and his son. On his way Efim had stopped here and there and waited for Elijah many a time but in vain. "Could he have passed me?" he wondered and resumed his onward march thinking that they might probably meet at the next halting place for the night. But Elijah never arrived.

On the way he met a monk who was going to Jerusalem for the second time. Once they halted at the same place for the night and became friends for the rest of the journey. They reached Odessa and had to wait three days for a ship. Finally they boarded a vessel and set out to sea. There was stormy weather for the first two days and everyone was troubled. The third day was calm and on the fifth day they reached Constantinople. They arrived at Jaffah, the last port and disembarked to begin the last seventy miles on foot to Jerusalem. On the fourth day they arrived at Jerusalem.

They visited different shrines in the holy city. The monk and Efim moved together on these trips. One night the monk sprang up shouting that somebody had stolen his money but Efim felt that as the monk was very watchful of his money, none would have stolen it.

The next morning, they attended mass at the great Church of the Resurrection. Large crowds of Russian, Greek, Turkish and other pilgrims rushed and pushed one another in the Church. They saw the spot where Christ was nailed to the Cross and the tomb of Adam and other sacred spots.

Efim wanted to get rid of the monk who was always complaining about something or other.

As Efim stood in the Church, praying and gazing past the crowds towards the Sepulchre at the other end, suddenly he saw a strange sight. Under the lamps and ahead of the group of worshippers he saw an old man exactly like Elijah. "It can't be him, for how could he get here before me?" he mused. All the while the old man prayed and Efim could see all the features of Elijah in him — the black beard, the eyebrows, his eyes and his nose. "Yes, surely it is Elijah himself, he must have overtaken me somewhere. I will go across and catch him and get rid of the monk."

He fixed his gaze on "Elijah" and pushed his way towards him through the crowd. But he could not find him and returned to the hotel disappointed. He made anxious enquiries in the whole city but not a trace of Elijah could be found.





Next day Efim went to the Holy Sepulchre again followed by another friend. Once more he tried to get to the front and once more he got pushed aside. He said his prayers beside a pillar. He looked ahead through the large group of people and lo and behold, he saw Elijah again, with his arms stretched and his bald head shining all over. "Now, I will surely catch him" he said and dashed forward

but Elijah had vanished. He must have left the Church. The third day too Efim saw Elijah and stood at the entrance to catch him on his way out of the Church. But Elijah was not to be seen. Efim stayed in Jerusalem for six weeks. He visited other holy places - Bethlehem, Bethany and others, collected holy water from the river Jordan and took some earth and candles from the Holy place. He spent all his money except a little for the return journey. He then started for home, reached Jaffah and then to Odessa on ship and began his land journey home.

As Efim began his homeward journey, thoughts of how matters had gone at his home began to worry him. 'A home may take a lifetime to build and an hour to destroy,' he thought. On the way he passed the village where he had parted from Elijah. It was all barren and desolate then, but now there was prosperity and happiness all round. As he approached a hut on the outskirts of the village, a girl ran out to him and called him inside. The old woman of the house also welcomed him to spend the night with them. Efim went in and he was offered milk and porridge and some food to eat. Efim thanked them. The old woman said "It is a pleasure to receive visitors. It was from a good pilgrim last year that we learnt the true way of life. We had forgotten God and we were almost dying of hunger and thirst. God sent us an old man like you. He took pity on us. He bought us food and drink. He set us on our feet, redeemed our land for us, bought us a horse and cart and then disappeared. He did not tell us who he was. He must be an angel of God." The old woman and her daughter recalled all those events when Elijah came to their hut and helped them out of their misery. In the evening the old man of the house came riding on horseback and continued the story of Elijah and narrated all that he had said and done to everybody. "Had he not come to us," he said, "we should all of us have died in sin, for as we lay dying and despairing, we were swearing both against God and man. But this holy man set us on our feet once more and taught us to trust in God and to believe in the goodness of



our fellowmen. Christ be with him. Before he came, we had lived only as beasts, it was he that made us human."

Efim was entertained by those good people with food and drink. Efim could not sleep that night for the memory of Elijah — whom he had seen three times at the head of the congregation in Jerusalem — could not leave him and was constantly haunting him. "Did he overtake me somewhere on the way?" Efim mused. "Yet, however that may be and no matter whether my pilgrimage be accepted or not, God has accepted *him*." The next morning his hosts said goodbye to Efim and loaded him with food for the journey.

Efim arrived at his village one evening. His son came home fully drunk. Efim reproached him. It was clear that his son had been leading a dissolute life while he was away. The son told Efim, "You went to enjoy yourself and took away all the money. How can I give anything to you now?" Efim became angry and beat him hard.

Next morning, Efim passed Elijah's house and saw the old lady in the open yard outside. She told him that her husband had returned safe and sound and in his absence it was very dull. "We love him too well not to have missed him badly," she said, "Come in, my husband will be delighted to see you." As Efim entered the house he caught sight of Elijah. There he was, dressed only in a grey Kaftan. His arms were spread out and his face turned upwards, with the crown of his bald head shining all over, as when he had appeared there three times by the Lord's Sepulchre in Jerusalem; while above him — as it was in Jerusalem — the sun was shining through the branches of the tree like a great burning lamp and around his head the golden bees were dancing in and out and weaving themselves into a diadem, without stinging him. Efim stood rooted to the ground in utter astonishment — He resembled the Prophet Elijah.

Elijah's wife called out to him, "Husband, look who has come." He turned round and saw his friend Efim and burst into a smile and said, "Good day to you, my dear

old friend, did you get there safely?" "Yes" Efim replied seriously, "my feet carried me safely and I have brought you some Jordan water. Come and get it. Yet I know not if my pilgrimage has been accepted by God or . . . . ."

"Surely, surely it has — Glory be to Him and to our Lord Jesus Christ."

Efim continued, "Yes, my feet brought me back whether I was there also in spirit or whether it was another man . . . . ."

"That is God's affair, my old friend" Elijah said. "Come into the hut and have some honey" and he changed the topic and began to talk about household matters. Efim sighed; he was about to tell Elijah about the people in the hut and of his having seen him in Jerusalem. It was a deep and powerful experience and had changed him now. But he could understand the truth about human life — In this world God has commanded everyone, until death, to pay off his debt of duty by means of love and good deeds.

### Glossary

conscientious	: honest
scraped	: collected by laborious effort
brood	: think anxiously for some time
tattered	: in rags, torn clothes
moaning	: long, low sound expressing pain or sorrow
writhing	: twisting violently in pain
staggered	: walked unsteadily
mortgage	: pledge - give someone a claim on property as security for a debt
redeem	: buy back
vow	: a solemn promise
sepulchre	: a tomb
desolate	: without trees or any living things
congregation	: a gathering of persons who attend a church



dissolute	:	loose in conduct and morals
Kaftan	:	a longsleeved Persian or Turkish garment reaching to the ankles
diadem	:	a crown, an arch of a crown

### A. Comprehension

*Answer the following questions in two or three sentences :*

1. Efim was hesitating to go on the pilgrimage. What did Elijah tell Efim then ?
2. Which of the following words describe Elijah's and Efim's conduct on the way ?  
Pleasant, reserved, care-free, worried.
3. Select words from the following to describe the condition of each of the occupants of the hut.  
tattered and torn, moaning and writhing, in rags.
4. What were the causes of the misery of the family ?
5. What work did Elijah do for the family ?
6. Why did Elijah feel that he could not continue the pilgrimage ?
7. How did Efim search for Elijah at Jerusalem ?
8. What were Efim's thoughts on his way home ?

### B. Composition

1. Write in two or three paragraphs how Elijah served the poor people in the hut.
2. Describe Efim's journey to Jerusalem and his experiences at the Holy Sepulchre.
3. What does the story tell you about worshipping God ?

## 5. THE NECKLACE

— *Guy de Maupassant*

Madame Loisel was a pretty and charming girl born into a family of poor artisans in Paris. She had no means of getting known and wed a man of wealth. So she let herself be married off to a little clerk in the Ministry of Education.

Her tastes might have been simple but women have no caste or class; their beauty, grace and charm were far more important to them than birth or family. And Madame Loisel had both beauty and grace in good measure.

She suffered endlessly, feeling herself born to enjoy every delicacy and luxury. The low class of her house, its mean walls, worn chairs and ugly curtains and in short everything around her, caused her deep misery. She always dreamt of small palaces heavy with oriental tapestries and with foot-men sleeping in large ante-chambers.

When her husband was delighted with 'Scotch broth' for dinner, she imagined delicate meals served in gleaming silver, tapestries peopling the walls with the folk of a past age and murmured ancient songs as one trifled with the wings of fried chicken.

She had no clothes, no jewels, nothing. She felt she was made for them. She longed so eagerly to be desired, to be wildly attractive, and sought after. She had a rich friend, an old school friend, whom she refused to visit because she suffered so much when she returned home. She would weep for whole days, with grief, regret, despair, and misery.

One evening her husband came home with an exultant air, holding a large envelope in his hand.

"Here's something for you, my dear" he said.

Swiftly she drew out a printed card on which were the words : "The Minister of Education and Madame Ramponneau request the pleasure of the company of Monsieur and Madame Loisel at the Ministry on the evening of Monday, January, the 18th."



"This is a great occasion," her husband was saying. "I had tremendous trouble to get it. Very few clerks are ever invited to such parties. You will see all the really big people there."

Suddenly he stopped, surprised to see that his wife was beginning to cry.

"What.... what is the matter with you?" he faltered. Madame Loisel controlled herself.

"Nothing," she said calmly. "I have no dress good enough for the occasion. So I can't go to this party. Give the invitation to some friend of yours whose wife will be turned out better than I shall".

In the end the clerk persuaded his wife to agree to go to the party. He offered to buy her a suitable dress costing some four hundred francs, the amount which he had been saving to buy a gun to go hunting with his friends.

But as the day of the party drew near, Madame Loisel became miserable again.

"I have absolutely no jewels," she lamented. "I would rather not go to the party." Again her husband persuaded her. He told her to borrow some jewellery from her rich friend, Madame Forestier.

The next day Madame Loisel met her friend and told her, her trouble.

Madame Forestier went to her dressing table, took out a large box, opened it and said "Choose, my dear."

She saw a number of things — bracelets, pearl necklaces, a Venetian Cross in gold and gems. It was difficult to decide what to take. Suddenly she discovered a beautiful diamond necklace. Her hand trembled as she lifted it. It looked stunning round her neck.

"Could you lend me this, just this alone?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course, dear," said Madame Forestier.

The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisel was a big success. She was the prettiest woman present, elegant, and quite above herself with happiness. All the men stared at her, inquired about her and asked to be introduced to her. All the under-secretaries of the State were eager to dance with her. The Minister noticed her. She danced madly, ecstatically, in a cloud of happiness made up of universal homage and admiration, of the completeness of a victory so dear to her feminine heart.

They left about four O'clock in the morning. Her husband threw over her shoulders the ordinary garments he had brought for them to go home in — modest every day clothes whose poorness clashed with the costly furs other women were putting on. Anxious not to be seen thus, Madame Loisel hurried down the stairs and out into the cold street. They had to walk some distance, shivering, before they could find a cab. Sadly, they walked up to their small apartment. It was the end, for her. As for the clerk, he was thinking he must be at the office at ten next morning.

She took off the garments around her shoulders so as to have one last look at herself in all her glory before the mirror. Suddenly she uttered a cry. The necklace was no longer round her neck.

Terrified, they searched furiously in the folds of her dress, the coat, in the pockets, everywhere. It was nowhere.

They stared at one another, dumb-founded. Neither of them had noticed the number of the cab.

"I will go over all the ground we walked," said Loisel, "and see if I can find it." But he returned, empty handed, at seven in the morning. He went to the police, the newspapers, to offer a reward to the cab companies, everywhere a ray of hope led him. But it was of no avail. He discovered nothing.



By the end of the week, they had lost all hope. To gain time, Madame Loisel wrote to her friend that the clasp on the necklace was broken and she was having it mended.

Loisel, who had aged more than five years in a day or two, set about the task of replacing the diamonds. After a long search, a similar necklace was found in a shop at the Palais-Royal. It was worth thirtysix thousand francs. Loisel had eighteen thousand francs left to him by his father. He borrowed the rest, a thousand here, a thousand there and so on. He gave promissory notes and entered into ruinous agreements with insurers and money lenders. In short he mortgaged the remaining years of his existence. The necklace was brought and duly handed over to Madame Forestier.

Madame Loisel now entered the ghastly life of abject poverty. The servant was removed. They changed their apartment and took a shabby room high up in a tall building. She did the entire work of the house — cooked, washed the dishes, linen and shirts and carried the water up. Clad in poor clothes, she fought with grocers and butchers for every penny of her money. Her husband worked in the evenings and did copying at nights at two pence half penny a page.

And this life went on for ten years.

At the end of ten years, the debt was all paid off, principal and interest together.

Madame Loisel looked old now. Her hands were coarse, and so was her face. And she spoke in a shrill voice. But sometimes, alone at home, she sat and thought of that beautiful evening long long ago. How strange life is, how fickle, how little is needed to ruin or to save.

One Sunday, as she walked along Champs-Elysees to freshen herself, she suddenly caught sight of a woman taking a child out for a walk. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still attractive. She went up to her.

“ Good Morning, Jeanne.”

Madame Forestier looked closely at her, surprised that an ordinary looking woman had addressed her so familiarly.

“ Do I know you ? ” she asked.

“ Yes ..... I am Mathilde Loisel.”



Her friend uttered a cry. “ Oh, my poor Mathilde. How much have you changed ! ” Madame Loisel decided to tell her friend everything that had happened.

By the time she finished her story, Madame Forestier had halted and was looking wide-eyed and open-mouthed at her friend.



"You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?" she asked at last.

"Yes, you didn't notice, did you?" Madame Loisel smiled in proud and innocent happiness.

Deeply moved, Madame Forestier grabbed both Mathilde's hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde. But mine was imitation. It was worth at the very most only five hundred francs."

### Glossary

artisan	:	handicraftsman, mechanic
tapestries	:	cloth with pictures or designs woven on it
gleaming	:	shining, flashing
delicacy	:	choice kind of food
exultant	:	triumphant
faltered	:	spoke in a hesitating way
turned out	:	(attend) dressed in fine clothes etc.
lamented	:	deplored, showed or felt great sorrow
stunning	:	very attractive
estatically	:	rapturously, with great joy
homage	:	respect, honour
abject	:	wretched, miserable
fickle	:	changeable, uncertain
grabbed	:	seized suddenly

### A. Comprehension

*Answer the following questions in two or three sentences :*

1. Why did Madame Loisel feel sorry about her status ?
2. One day her husband came home triumphant — What was the reason ?
3. Why was Madame Loisel keen to go to the party ?
4. Who helped Madame Loisel to go to the party ?
5. How did everyone at the party behave towards Madame Loisel ?
6. On returning home Madame Loisel uttered a cry suddenly; why ?
7. What initial attempts did they make to trace the necklace ?
8. Was it a real diamond necklace which Forestier had given Loisel ?
9. What was the cost of the replaced necklace ?
10. How did they gather all that money ?

### B. Composition

*Answer the following questions in six or seven lines :*

1. How did Madame Loisel feel about herself ? Why did she feel so?
2. How did she fare at the Minister's party ?
3. What were all the troubles which the couple underwent to put together the cost of the necklace ?



## 6. A LONG - BOW STORY

One day a bunniah, or banker and grain merchant, was walking along a country road when he overtook a farmer going in the same direction. Now the bunniah was very grasping, and was lamenting that he had not had a chance of making any money that day; but at the sight of the man in front he brightened up wonderfully.

"That is a piece of luck," he said to himself, "let me see if this farmer is not good for some thing" and he hastened his steps.

After they had bid each other good day very politely, the bunniah said to the farmer, "I was just thinking how dull I felt, when I beheld you, but since we are going the same way, I shall find the road quite short in such agreeable company."

"With all my heart," replied the farmer. "But what shall we talk about? A city man like you will not care to hear about cattle and crops."

"Oh," said the bunniah, "I'll tell you what we will do. We will each tell the other the wildest tale we can imagine, and he who first throws doubt on the other's story shall pay him a hundred rupees."

To this the farmer agreed and begged the bunniah to begin, as he was the bigger man of the two. Privately he made up his mind that, however improbable it might be nothing should induce him to hint that he did not believe in the bunniah's tale. Thus politely pressed, the great man started:

"I was going along this road one day, when I met a merchant travelling with a great train of camels laden with merchandise."

"Very likely," murmured the farmer: "I've seen that kind of thing myself."

"No less than one hundred and one camels," continued the bunniah "all tied together by their nose strings — nose to tail — and stretching along the road for almost a kilometre."

"Well?" said the farmers.

"Well, a kite swooped down on the fore-most camel and bore him off, struggling, into the air, and by reason of them all being tied together the other hundred camels had to follow —"

"Amazing, the strength of that kite!" said the farmer "But Yes, doubtless; yes — well — one hundred and one camels — And what did he do with them?"

"You doubt it?" demanded the bunniah.

"Not a bit!" said the farmer heartily.

"Well," continued the bunniah, "it happened that the princess of a neighbouring kingdom was sitting in her private garden, having her hair combed by her maid, and she was looking upward, with her head thrown back, while the maid tugged away at the comb, when that wretched kite with its prey went soaring overhead. As luck would have it, the camels gave an extra kick just then, the kite lost his hold, and the whole hundred and one camels dropped right into the princess' left eye!"

"Poor thing!" said the farmer, "It's so painful having anything in one's eye."

"Well," said the bunniah, who was now warming to his talk. "The princess shook her head and sprang up, clapping her hand to her eye. 'Oh, dear!' she cried 'I've got something in my eye and how it does smart!'"

"It always does," observed the farmer, "perfectly true. Well, what did the poor thing do?"



"At the sound of her cries, another maid came running to her assistance. 'Let me look,' said she; and with that she gave the princess' eyelid a twitch, and out came a camel, which the maid put in her pocket ——" ("Ah! grunted the farmer) ——" and then she just twisted up the corner of her headcloth and fished a hundred more of them out of the princess' eye and popped them all into her pocket with the other."

Here the bunniah gasped as one who is out of breath, but the farmer looked at him slowly. "Well" said he.

"I can't think of anything more now," replied the bunniah. "Besides, that is the end; what do you say to it?"

"Wonderful," replied the farmer, "and no doubt perfectly true!"

"Well, it is your turn," said the bunniah. "I am so anxious to hear your story. I am sure it will be very interesting."

"Yes, I think it will," answered the farmer, and he began:

"My father was a very prosperous man. Five cows he had and three yoke of oxen and half a dozen buffaloes and goats in abundance; but of all his possessions the thing he loved best was a mare. A wellbred mare she was — oh, a very fine mare!"

"Yes yes," interrupted the bunniah, "get on!"

"I'm getting on," said the farmer, "don't you hurry me! Well, one day, as ill-luck would have it, he rode that mare to market with a torn saddle, which galled her so that when they returned home she had a sore on her back as big as the palm of your hand."

"Yes," said the bunniah impatiently, "what next?"

"It was June," said the farmer, "and you know how in June, the air is full of dust storms with rain at times? Well, the poor beast got dust in that wound, and what's more, with the dust some grains of wheat. And, what with the dust and the heat and the wet, that wheat sprouted and began to grow!"

"Wheat does when it gets a fair chance," said the bunniah.

"Yes, and the next thing we knew there was a crop of wheat on that mare's back as big as anything you ever saw in a hundred-acre field, and we had to hire twenty men to reap it!"

"One generally has to hire extra hands for reaping," said the bunniah.

"And we got four hundred maunds of wheat off that mare's back!" continued the farmer.

"A good crop!" murmured the bunniah.

"And your father," said the farmer, "a poor wretch, with hardly enough to keep body and soul together — (the bunniah snorted, but was silent) — came to my father, and he said, putting his hands together as humble as could be —"

The bunniah here flashed a furious glance at his companion, but bit his lips and held his peace.

"I haven't tasted food for a week, Oh great master, let me have the loan of sixteen maunds of wheat from your store, and I will repay you."

"Certainly, neighbour," answered my father, "take what you need and repay it as and when you can."

"Well?" demanded the bunniah with fury in his heart.



“ Well, he took the wheat away with him,” replied the farmer; “ but never repaid it, and it’s a debt to this day. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall not go to law about it.”

Then the bunniah began running his thumb quickly up and down the fingers of his right hand, and his lips moved in quick calculation.

“ What is the matter ? ” asked the farmer.

“ The wheat is the cheaper : I’ll pay you for the wheat,” said the bunniah, with the calmness of despair, as he remembered, that by his own arrangement he was bound to give the farmer a hundred rupees.

And to this day they say in those parts, when a man owes a debt : “ Give me the money : or if not that, give me at least the wheat.”

### Glossary

bunniah	:	(bunniah) Hindi word for merchant.
grasping	:	greedy, avaricious.
lamenting	:	feeling sorry
wildest tale	:	irrational, fantastic story
induce	:	prevail on
merchandise	:	goods
swoop	:	to snatch with a sweep, especially on the wing
smart	:	give acute pain
three yoke of oxen	:	three pairs (yoke-wooden piece for two oxen)
galled	:	hurt by rubbing
snort	:	force the air out through the nose with a noise
go to law	:	file a suit

### A. Comprehension

*Answer the following questions in two or three sentences :*

1. How did the bunniah and the farmer meet ?
2. Did the farmer doubt the truth of the bunniah’s story ?
3. Who was the cleverer of the two ? Why ?
4. Is there any moral in the story ? If so, what is it ?

### B. Composition

*Answer the following in a paragraph or two :*

1. Write the story told by the bunniah,
2. Narrate the farmer’s tale.

— 0 —



## 7. SINDBAD THE SAILOR - SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE

After my sixth voyage, I quite made up my mind that I would go to sea no more. I was old enough to enjoy a quiet life after all the risk I had run in search of adventure. My only desire now was to spend my days in peace. With this determination strong to my mind, I was leading a life of ease and pleasure, when one day, while I was entertaining a number of my friends an officer of Caliph Haroun-al-Rashid came to me and ordered me to follow him to the Caliph's presence. Accordingly I went with him to the Hall of Audience, where, the Caliph addressed me in the following words: "We have sent for you, Sindbad, because we need your services. We have chosen you to bear a letter and many royal gifts to the King of Serendib in return for his message of friendship."

The Caliph's command fell upon me like a thunderbolt. "Commander of the Faithful," I answered, "I am ready to obey you in everything, but I humbly pray you to remember that I have undergone unheard of sufferings in all my voyages and so have vowed never again to leave Baghdad." With this, I gave him a long account of my strange adventures. He listened to me patiently and said: "I admit that indeed you have had some extraordinary experiences, but I do not see why they should deter you from doing as I wish. You have only to go straight to Serendib and give my message; then you are free to come back and do as you will. But go you must, my honour and dignity demand it."

Seeing that there was no help for it, I agreed to obey the orders, and the Caliph, delighted at having his own way, gave me a thousand gold coins for the expenses of the journey. In a short while, I set sail from Belsora and reached Serendib in safety. Here, when I had disclosed my errand, I was taken to the presence of the

king, who greeted me with joy. "Welcome, Sindbad," he cried, "I have heard of you so often that I now rejoice to see you in the flesh."

After thanking him for the honour that he did me, I presented the Caliph's costly gifts. The king of Serendib expressed his satisfaction at the Caliph's friendliness, and entertained me royally for a number of days before he would consent to let me go. Finally he dismissed me with many presents, and I lost no time in going on board a ship which was ready to sail immediately.

For four days all went well, but on the fifth day we had the misfortune to fall in with pirates who seized our vessel, killing all who resisted; and making prisoners of those who had the prudence to submit. They forced us to put on dirty clothes, and taking us to a distant land, sold us as slaves. It was my good fortune to fall into the hands of a wealthy merchant, who took me home with him, clothed and fed me well, and asked me what I could do.

I answered that I was a rich merchant, and therefore had not learnt any profession. "Tell me," said he, "can you shoot with a bow?" I replied that it had been one of the pastimes of my youth, and that with practice, my skill might come back to me. Upon this, he gave me a bow and arrows, and mounting me upon his own elephant, took me into the depths of a vast forest, which lay far from the town. When we reached the wildest part of it, we stopped, and my master said to me: "This forest swarms with elephants. Hide yourself in this great tree, and shoot at all that pass you. When you have succeeded in killing one, come and tell me." Saying this, he furnished me with a stock of provisions and returned to the town.

I now found myself alone in the forest. I climbed up a huge tree, and making myself as comfortable as circumstances would



permit, began my watch. That night I saw nothing, but just after sunrise the next morning a large herd of elephants came crashing and trampling by. I let fly several arrows, and succeeded in wounding one of the huge animals fatally. When the others had retired to a safe distance, I came down from my hiding place in the tree, and ran to the town to tell my master the good news. He was well pleased with my success, praised me for my skill, and regaled me with good dishes. Then we went back to the forest together and dug a mighty ditch in which we buried the elephant, so that my master might secure the ivory in due time.

For two months I hunted thus, stationing myself in different trees on different days. Not a day passed without killing an elephant. One morning, I was surprised to see a herd of elephants which, instead of passing the tree I was on, paused and completely surrounded it, trumpeting horribly and shaking the very ground with their heavy tread. When I saw that their eyes were fixed upon me, I was so terrified that the arrows fell down from my shaking hands. I had indeed great reason for my terror for, an instant later, the largest of the animals wound his trunk round the stem of my tree, and with one mighty effort tore it up by the roots, bringing me to the ground entangled in its branches. I thought now that my last hour had surely come, but the huge creature, picking me up gently enough, set me upon its back, where I clung more dead than alive, and followed by the whole herd, turned and crashed off into the dense forest. It seemed to me a long time before I was once more set upon my feet by the elephant, and I stood as if in a dream watching the herd, which turned and trampled off in another direction, soon to be hidden by the dense underwood. Then, recovering myself, I looked about me, and found that I was standing upon the side of a great hill, strewn, as far as I could see on either hand, with bones and tusks of elephants. "This then must be the

elephants' burying place," I said to myself "and they must have brought me here that I might cease to persecute them, because I want nothing but their tusks, and here lie more than I could carry away in a life-time.

I now made for the city as fast as I could go, not seeing a single elephant by the way, which convinced me that they had retired deeper into the forest to leave the way open to the Ivory Hill. I did not know how I could sufficiently admire their sagacity. After a day and a night I reached my master's house, and was received by him with joyful surprise, "Ah! Poor Sindbad," he cried, "I was wondering what could have become of you. When I went to the forest, I found the tree newly uprooted, the arrows lying beside it, and I feared I should never see you again. Pray tell me how you escaped death."

I soon satisfied his curiosity, and the next day, we went together to the Ivory Hill. He was overjoyed when he found that I had told him nothing but the truth. When we had loaded our elephant with as many tusks as it could carry, and were on our way back to the city, he said: "My brother—since I can no longer treat as a slave one who has enriched me thus—take your liberty and may Heaven prosper you. I will no longer conceal from you that these wild elephants have killed a number of our slaves every year. You alone have escaped the wiles of these animals, therefore you must be under the special protection of Heaven. Now through you the whole town will be enriched without further loss of life. Therefore you shall not only receive your liberty, but also fortune such as is meet, for the services you have rendered." To which I replied, "Master, I thank you and wish you all prosperity. For myself I desire only my liberty." "It is well," he answered, "the monsoon will soon bring the ivory ships hither, then I will send you on your way with somewhat to pay your passage."



So I stayed with him till the time of the monsoon, and every day we added to our store of ivory till all his warehouses were overflowing with it. By this time other merchants had learnt the secret, but there was enough and to spare for all. When the ships at last arrived, my master himself chose the one in which I was to sail, and put on board for me a good store of choice provisions. He pressed upon me also ivory in abundance and all the costliest curiosities of the country. We parted the best of friends. I left the ship at the first port I came to, not feeling at ease on the sea after all that had happened to me. I disposed of my ivory for gold, and bought many rare and costly presents. I joined a caravan of merchants, and after a long and tedious journey, reached Baghdad in safety.

My first care was to present myself before the Caliph and give him a full account of my embassy and adventures. He assured me that my long absence had disquieted him much, but he had nevertheless hoped for the best. As to my adventures among the elephants, he heard it with amazement, declaring that he could not have believed it, had not my truthfulness been well-known to him. I took my leave of him, well satisfied with the honours and rewards he bestowed upon me. From that time I have rested from my labours, and given myself up wholly to my family and my friends.

— *Arabian Nights*

### Glossary

Caliph	: A title formerly used by the descendants and successors of Prophet Muhammad
Commander of the faithful	: This was how the Caliph was addressed 'The faithful' refers to his subjects, the followers of Islam
deter	: discourage
fall in with	: meet (by chance)

pirates	: sea robbers
pastime	: anything which serves to pass away time agreeably
prudence	: wisdom
swarm	: abound in, crowded with
regale	: entertain
strewn	: spread, scattered loosely
persecute	: harass, worry
sagacity	: wisdom of a practical kind
wiles	: (usually plural) tricks
caravan	: a large group of traders travelling together (in formation)
embassy	: the particular duty or mission of an ambassador or of an agent

### A. Comprehension

Answer the following in two or three sentences :

1. What did the Caliph order Sindbad to do ?
2. How did the king of Serendib treat Sindbad ?
3. What did the pirates do with Sindbad and others ?
4. What was the task given to Sindbad by his new master ?
5. Why did not the elephants kill Sindbad ?
6. Why was Sindbad set free by his master ?
7. What did the Caliph tell Sindbad ?

### B. Composition

Answer the following in a paragraph of 10 sentences :

1. How did Sindbad discover the Ivory Hill ?
2. How was Sindbad rewarded for his labours ?



## 8. SANCHE PANZA AS JUDGE

— Cervantes

Two old men presented themselves before Sancho. One of them carried a cane in his hand for a staff; the other, who had no staff, said to Sancho, "My Lord, sometime ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold to help him, upon condition that he should return them on demand. I let sometime pass without asking for them, being unwilling to put him to a greater hardship to pay me than he was in when I lent him the money. But at length, thinking it full time to be repaid, I asked him for my money more than once, but to no purpose. He not only refuses payment, but denies the debt and says I never lent him any such sum, or if I did, that he had already paid me. I have no witness of the loan, nor has he of the payment which he pretends to have made, but which I deny. Yet if he will swear before your worship that he has returned the money, I from this minute acquit him before God and the world."

"What say you to this, old gentleman?" quoth Sancho. "I confess, my Lord," replied the old fellow, "that he did lend me the money, and if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it to him." The Governor accordingly held down his wand, and the old fellow, seeming uncomfortable with his staff, gave it to his creditor to hold while he was swearing.

And then taking hold of the cross of the wand, he said it was true indeed the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had returned them to him into his own hand, but having perhaps forgotten it, the latter was continually pressing him for them. Upon this His Lordship the Governor demanded of the creditor what he had to say in reply to the solemn declaration he had heard.

He said that he could not doubt but that his debtor had sworn the truth; for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian; and that, as the fault must have been in his own memory, he would thenceforward ask him no more for his money. The debtor now took his staff again, and bowing to the Governor, went out of court.

Sancho, having observed the defendant take his staff and walk away, and noticing also the resignation of the plaintiff, began to meditate and laying the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, he continued for a short time apparently full of thought. And then raising his head he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he had returned, "Honest friend," said the Governor, "give me that staff, for I have use for it."

"With all my heart," answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and immediately giving it to the other old man, he said, "There take that, and go about your business in God's name, for you are now paid."

"I paid, my Lord?" answered the old man, "What! Is this cane worth ten gold crowns?"

"Yes" quoth the Governor "or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and it shall now appear whether or not I have a head to govern a whole kingdom."

He then ordered the cane to be broken in the court; which being done, ten crowns of gold were found within it. All the spectators were struck with admiration and began to look upon their new Governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he had discovered that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that, having observed the defendant give it to the plaintiff to hold, while he took his oath that he had truly



restored the money into his own hands, and that being done he took his staff again, it came into his head that the money in dispute must be enclosed within it.

### Glossary

Solomon : A great and wealthy king of Israel in the tenth Century B. C. He was noted for his wisdom.

### A. Comprehension

*Answer the following in two or three sentences :*

1. What was the dispute between the two old men ?
2. What was the trick played by the debtor ?
3. How did Sancho discover the trick ?

### B. Composition

Write in a paragraph of 10 sentences on how Sancho acted like a second Solomon.

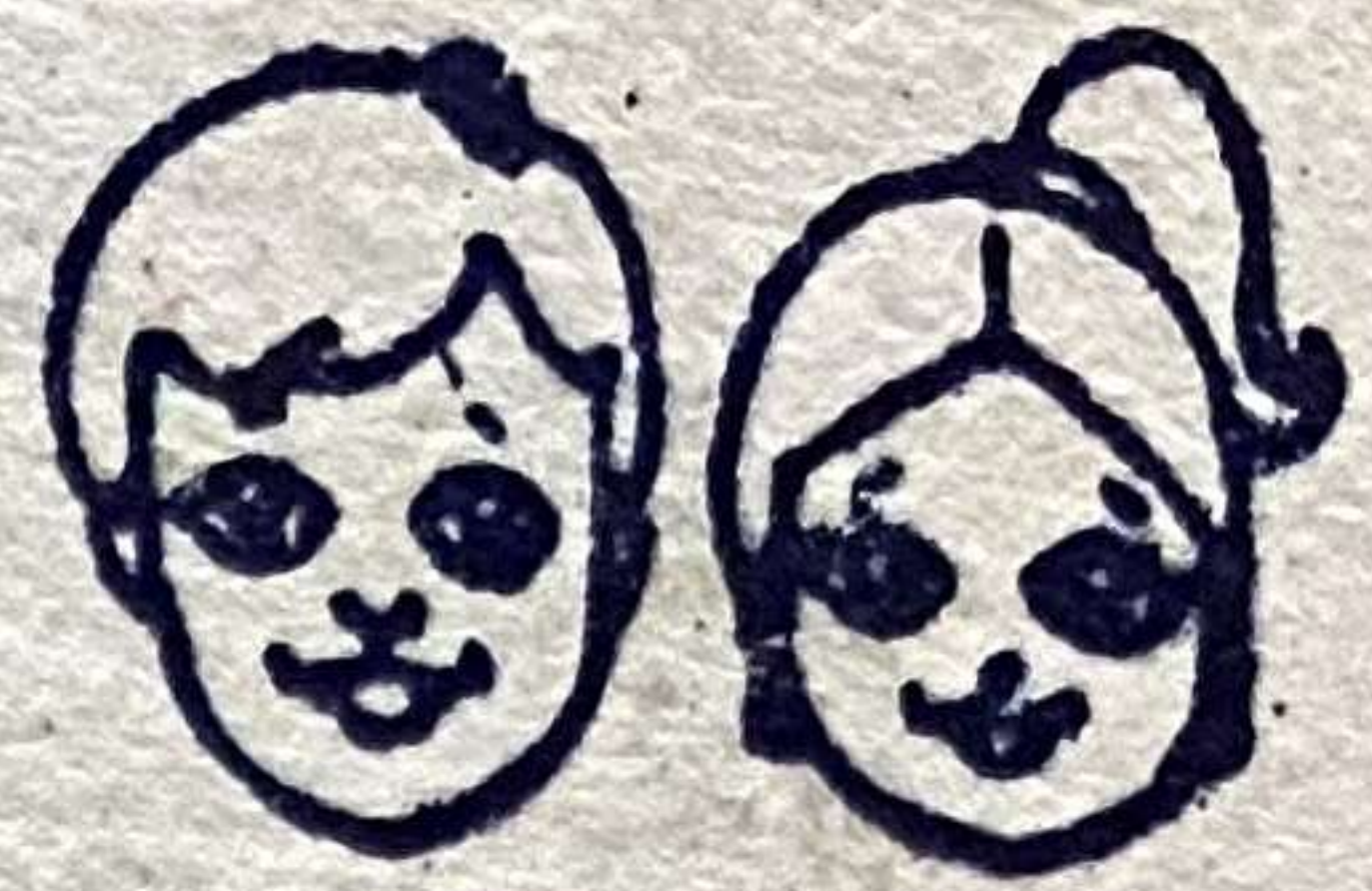
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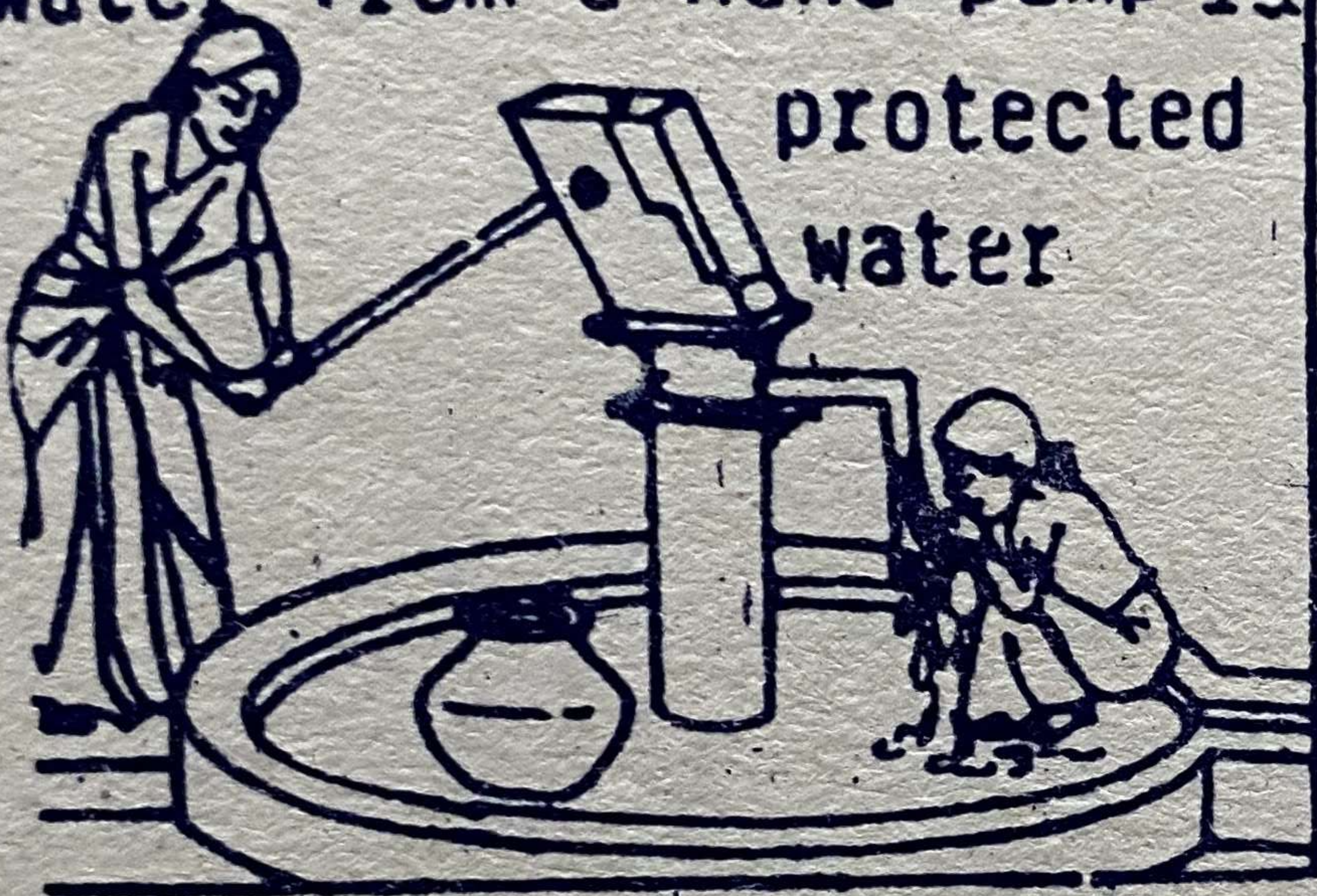


Educate your daughter



For Good eye sight  
eat leafy vegetables

Water from a hand-pump is  
protected  
water



Get your babies  
inoculated  
save them from  
diseases



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